

The Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

LITERARY NOTES.

MARSHAL'S LAMENT.—"The British Parliament," by J. D. Loup, Esq., 1864.

The author, now advanced in years, is not yet, at least, to whom such a work as this is too common to be uninteresting, while those who read this sort of the other have found so little in modern productions for them that they are prone to conclude in uncharitable words no volume that comes from the press deserves to be read, or that their right to do so is in injury of the production. This, however, has had justified cause applied to it, either, however, in this field of labor, especially, than in that of positive or critical merit. In general, therefore, it is injurious to itself, as well as to its author, when the latter is himself a man of fair consideration of their present worth. The habit of most persons, who read poetry, is to "hold her to that which is good," but they neglect the other half of the wise king's precept, to "try all things." Though there is a vast mass of poor poems—certainly of printed, now, and then we may even a few of decided excellence; and less, we see have a few, are true poets. It is not to be taken for granted that we are to have no more. The test who have succeeded in the practice, not been recognized at once, since the world is not likely to seek or accept them, unless modes of giving or receiving which make it, because real genius dislikes to employ, and hence it may be inferred that a volume which the publisher is to receive, is entitled to popular regard, and, even, in the proportion that it comes from the great untried by any of that managing which, while all worthless books are usually heralded.

We were not, however, entirely satisfied with the beautiful little collection of real poetical gems that is now before us. Miss Bridges has, for many years past, been favorably known on this side of the water; and unless we greatly misinterpret the merit of her poems, and the fine critical appreciation of the British press, it will not be long before a just estimation of her talents in old England will secure for her, in her own country, that generous recognition and applause of which she is so fully deserving.

Some of the poems in this collection have been published, from time to time, in our American newspapers and magazines, but they have appeared at such long intervals and have been scattered through so many and such remote channels, that they will be quite fresh to the reader as those later effusions which compose the best and largest part of her volume. We have no space to attempt any critical notice of the various pieces which make up the book; and if we had, we fancy that the best way to convey to those who have not yet seen it a general idea of its character, is to make some brief extracts from it.

AVILION.

"A thousand times again!"—the prophet said. The prophet, who had a kindred soul, was ready to run upon the nation's day. Was watch'd for token of expected fate. That should achieve the change and good desired. But never one fulfill'd the perfect dream Of wealth & pleasure, and thy heart & mind. And, reaching me, I murmur'd to myself, 'Tis better, so, the people must be avert! That keep such standard of high ex. elation Their best do never reach' me let me go. The girl in the sun, with Saxon words, A living image of the ideal knight, Left mere fable; and these restless times Of hollow show and worshiping of gold, The iron hand of power, the world,"—

Then, with the truth, that they will come again! And so I sang the song of other days, Have taten to modern homes and modern hearts The ghosts of ancient dead that lie buried their lives As grandly as we weakly their ago. And cast me on them, with my shield—

Forlorn! Fancy's portal, and bid forth In their own shapes, to baffle earth's air again. The world men who had become a name, And group'd around the golden altar, sing, And sing the dirge hymn at Taber Round, And that fair queen, so full because she loved, That, herself, kept her one lover true, When Arthur trusted, blind, his great wrong, Since his large royal soul in other saw Only the good and truth was in his own.

From the same beautiful translation into verse of the ancient romances of the chivalric times and court of King Arthur, we quote, in further illustration of Miss Bridges' fine poetic fancy and exquisite facility of expression, the following passage from another of her legends of the "Round Table":—

LAUNCELOT'S VIGIL.

They laid her in the broad aisle of the church, Before the altar, and all lit the lights? And 'twas the bier, instead of sand pall,

That cast the purple cloak she wore that day. She died from thine, the knighting of the dead. The last—with her—with Guinevere, the dead.

Her dirge who cost had whisp'd words To those willing ears, had thrifled her heart.

The heart who soothed pulses then had leap'd, And sturd the very velvet that noisy lay.

Swall'd upon the silent shape; the white

He beatified her name, her name, in such tones.

As might have rea'd her in the deepest grave!

He laid her mass, and went between her prayers,

Imp'ring God, for Christ's incarnate sake,

To give her peace, to take her to His rest,

That so, when Atalant her as she walk'd

With him, he had him, and she had him,

That God's forgiveness had her his true wife!

And, when his saintly day was all done,

He took her through the west, and look'd

Once more upon her face—and then—and then

His full heart broke! He thought of all the past;

He saw her, as at first, a fair young bride,

Regal, yet shy of state, and full of grace,

Or smiling changing measure with her maid,

Or feit again the bites that fired his brow;

When first her soft palm strumming, p'st'd his eye.

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